



Levick adds a large black straw hat, trimmed with glaucous velvet, to a simple frock of black satin, collared with white and trimmed with Japanese embroidery in silk.



Mr. and Mrs. George Humphreys joined the throng of those who preferred a winter of tan and blue skies to one of snow and sharp winds.



Levick's frock of palest rose-pink voile is delicately embroidered with white and has crisp little revers of white organdy.

French tone, open at the reproduction of a bas-relief of Abydos, in which Seti I., with majestic towering headdress, is girdled exactly as is the ravishing dancer gown of blue and green. It was Summe Talbot, I am told, who, as she composed the headdress for Mary Garden's impersonation of Cleopatra, first saw the enormous possibilities in the Egyptian silhouette. She gave the impulse, and the coming season will see its full expression in hat, gown, embroidered design and jewels.

Hats of lace, with flaring simbas above the brows and pendant chains or beads looped below the chin from ear to ear and falling low on the neck and breast, will be much worn this spring. And not a whit less popular will be the small close toque of straw, with the folds of tubular braid on each side of the forehead that are clearly inspired by the stiff Egyptian wig.

I am fired with enthusiasm for the Egyptian impulse in fashion and keen to learn just how far it is to find expression, so I lie myself to the firm of Bob to see if it also extends to shoes. Knowing that this house has produced so many delightful fables for the feet, and shown itself so ready to meet half-way the moods of Madame la Mode, I eagerly ascend the stair to their charming showrooms.

Mme. Bob assures me that she too has had intimation of this coming fancy for the Egyptian and is prepared to meet it. For luncheon and afternoon frocks and daytime house-gowns of this type, she has designed the most ravishing sandals. Their high-arched heels are of more substantial build than those of the usual evening slipper. They have rather shallow toe-vamps and rather high backs, which are so cut that they do not meet at the ball of the foot. Instead, they fall several inches short of meeting, so that the silken sole, ball of the foot and instep are revealed. A strap passes about the ankle from the heel piece, while a second strap attached to the middle of the vamp passes from the toe to the ankle-strap above, thus holding the whole firmly in position. This model is done in both dark blue and copper more with happy effect, and with it Mme. Bob advises that a taupe stocking be worn.

The woman who is preparing to wear evening gowns in Egyptian feeling will find awaiting her yet another truly fascinating sandal. Its vamp is classically low and perforated; an open-work strap crosses the instep, while the ankle is clasped by two broad straps placed close together, thus giving quite the effect of the Oriental anklet. It is suggested that this model be done in gilded or bronzed kid, or in metal brocade, and that it be worn over a flesh-colored stocking.

Time was when the shoe that presented the slightest deviation from the traditional was con-

sidered—well, just a trifle out. That time is no more. In these charming accessories, so imaginatively contrived, one recognizes the fitting complements of the frocks worn above them. The traditional models will still be with us, for there are many costumes that call for them insistently, but the newer modes in footwear are a delightful and much-needed addition to these older ones.

If the shoe may deviate from established convention, so may the glove. I saw a day or two since at Centener's a pair of two-clasp gloves in white glacé, the ornamentation of which was up-to-datingly Egyptian. They were heavily stitched on the back with black and white silk in a block check design, while a saw-tooth applique

of black glazed kid banded the wrist. These are for the long-sleeved tailleur, which is to be topped by a severe Egyptian peruke-like toque. Owing to the dominating short-sleeved day frock, the glove of the season promises to be of long nousque-taire type in white, cream or sand glacé, heavily stitched in self color.

Since it is to be a season of pronounced femininity, a sunshade will be necessary to accompany every out-of-door costume. Do sunshades, too, suggest the Egyptian feeling? One of our own great wholesale firms has assigned a studio and an especial artist to the timely task of decorating silken parasols with Egyptian motifs. One sunshade of dark Egyptian blue shows the snowy lotus floating on its surface. The sacred disc and flying scarabs are other emblems which adorn green or antique red sunshades.

But if one's mood demands the frivolities of the eighties, rather than the mystical symbols of remote Egypt, there are lovely befeathered creations of tulle or lace to be had. I am enraptured with a parasol shown me at Lord and Taylor's. It is of moderate size and rounded frame, with medium long stick of apple-wood capped at fern-tip and handle with French ivory. The enchantingly lovely cover is of soft light rose tulle, closely flounced from feral to edge with three-inch frills of the tulle, scalloped and pleated. It looks like nothing so much as a great fully blown June rose.

Quite inimitable as the accompaniment of ponce or beige tricotee frock is another sunshade in pale beige tulle, with a length of old gold velvet ribbon drawn in and out along its rim and then knotted in a coquettish bow. The extreme edge of this charming model is bordered with a three-inch laid-plaided frill of beige tulle.

I repair for luncheon to the Ritz. This is the eve of April, and everybody is already garbed for the post-Lenten season in town. A picturesque young matron, sitting near me, is clad in a charming gown of lustrous black satin with round-cut neck, loose three-quarter sleeves, bodice slightly bloused in both front and back, and skirt gathered somewhat above the ankles and attached to a deep and narrow satin hem. On this simple foundation are applied embroidered triangles (*encore la mode Egyptienne*) in gold and silver thread and antique green and red silk. I can but admire the clever placing—with the apex up, one is applied just above the wrist at the back of each sleeve. Another is placed across the bust with the tip of its apex tucked well into the open throat. From each underarm seam just above the waist-line a triangle emerges, its base applied straight up and down along the seam, its apex aimed directly across the corsage. With three base up and apex down, a final triangle is placed along the top of the skirt's deep hem; exactly in the center of the front. The accentuation given by the applied motifs is altogether de-



At Miss Carroll's one may find this frock of black tulle embroidered with fuzzy white yarn, or the equally delightful little creation of blue crêpe de Chine, the apron froufrou of which are bound with the material.



VERY SMART WILL BE THE FOULARD FROCK WITH LONG

Foulard frocks in which one will walk abroad during spring and summer will claim, among their attractions, bodices that are simple and perhaps less of waist, and skirts that have a bit of drapery or fullness at the hips. Of softest gray Cléopâtre print, patterned with violet, lilac and green, the frock is apt to be, as in the sketch above at the left. Georgette faces the broad draping strew hat, and a single plume is laid upon its brim. Upon the sleeves and skirt of the second frock there are soft-plaited flounces to make it youthful, and a high upstanding organdie collar to give it a bit of dignity. For this origination a dark blue Cléopâtre, printed with silver gray foliage, has been chosen; and one completes the costume with a slightly tilted flower-covered chapson.

WOMEN AS CHARMERS

By ARNOLD BENNETT

Drawings by
Frederick T. Chapman

WOMEN constitute a spectacle, not only for man, but for mankind. When Jack takes Jill out for a walk in some public promenade, he knows just as well as she knows that part of her function is to show herself, to contribute to the great spectacle of her sex. He may grumble at the cost of her clothes; he may make irrational and unfair remarks concerning the futility of mere appearances; he will almost certainly get irritable, because in her anxiety about appearances she has kept him waiting at the start—nevertheless he would be discontented if she, as his own particular Jill, failed worthily to play her part in the spectacle.

The spectacle is a delight to the eye. It may and probably does stimulate thoughts which lead to actions that have their influence upon the future of the race; but it is primarily the eye's affair. Now there was a strange period in the history of the northern peoples when the delights of the eye were regarded with suspicion, even with disapprobation, and when it seemed to be considered that the eye was a culprit among our sensory organs and ought to be deprived of satisfaction; the other organs were entitled to their appetites, but not the eye, the theory being that appearances were in themselves wicked and, if they could not be suppressed, should at any rate be reduced to a minimum. This period has passed away by reason of its unnatural perversity, and few regret it. The claims of the eye are now once more fully recognized.

Women are the supreme purveyors to the eye, by virtue of their superior grace, beauty and interest in line and color; also by virtue of a fundamental quality, not to be analyzed, from which these qualities perhaps spring. I do not mean that men have no spectacular value, no grace, beauty, nor interest in line and color. They have. For no single human quality is confined to one sex; and, moreover, it is notorious that some men have more grace and beauty than some women; it is notorious, further, that women find pleasure in the spectacle of men.

The broad fact, however, remains that women appeal more to the eye than men. A crowd comprising both sexes would far sooner behold a spectacle which consisted solely of women than a spectacle which consisted solely of men; and a crowd comprising only women would obtain more ocular gratification from looking at women than a crowd comprising only men would obtain from looking at men.

You may say what you please against the phenomenon that I have described. You may attribute its origin to base instincts or to fine instincts; you may assert that, in a doubtful and derogatory sense, there is more in it than meets the eye. No matter! The phenomenon exists, and it is permanent. That it has tremendous value in the world can be instantly perceived by imagining what would be the result upon our daily lives if women were never publicly seen, or if they always wore a uniform, or if they had to keep to sombre colors, or if they ceased to feel an interest in costume and looks.



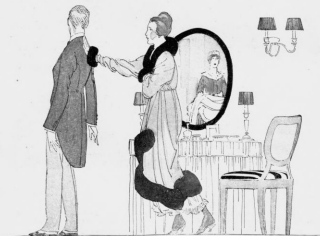
Women are the supreme purveyors to the eye by virtue of their superior grace.

Conceive a theatrical audience exclusively male. Conceive streets full of female dowdies and slovenly. Conceive dances where the women were dressed all alike, as men are, and where they despatched grace. The women might without exception be angels of goodness and acquiescence, and their invisible souls might be marvelously beautiful, but the world would be a different place and a gloomier place and a worse place, and the zest of life would be diminished.

Indubitably as appreciable proportion of that which renders existence desirable depends upon the physical aspects of women in public. Part of the felicity of mankind has thus been committed to their charge. And although, in giving more attention than men to complexion, costume, attitude and movement, they may be obeying an instinct, they are at the same time fulfilling a solemn social duty; they are making an essential contribution to the well-being of the body politic; and they are doing something which men cannot effectively do. And men are never jealous of their success, any more than women are jealous of the success of men in, say, feats of strength or muscular endurance.

Such is one of the great public duties of women. They also have a private duty of a similar kind. But there is this to be said against women, that whereas they are very conscientious in the first, they are often less so in the second. Their excuse must be that the private duty is more continuous and also more exacting. It is more exacting because it is both physical and moral in its nature.

As regards the physical side of woman's role in the home, I am not one of those who maintain that a wife must always delight the eye of her



Jill takes an hour and a half to adorn herself

husband and that what are called the "mysteries" of the toilet should never be performed except when he is looking the other way. The thing is impossible in any normal mode of living, and if it were possible it would be absurd and would impair a natural intimacy.

Jill is apt to fail in the affair which she can accomplish and which Jack cannot accomplish. Jack adorns himself for dinner in precisely the same number of minutes, whether the mighty of the land are coming to dine or whether he is to dine with only Jill. When Jill takes an hour and a half to adorn herself for a special occasion and two minutes for Jack alone, Jack will be thinking in his heart: "The bargain seems a bit uneven, and if I showed such apathy in keeping the wolf from the door, or in defending her against a burglar, trouble would probably ensue in this household."

And here I must refer to the delicate subject of cosmetics. I am not prepared to animadvert upon cosmetics. Indeed, I readily admit that an institution so ancient and universal must have a great deal to recommend it. Cosmetics may be unhealthy for the skin, but there are times when by deceiving the eye they unquestionably add to the joy of life. A woman seen across a theatre, however, may be quite a different apparition when separated from the observer by merely half the length of a sofa. I need not insist. We know what we know.

It is sufficient to add that terrible revelations have occurred on sofas; that cosmetics may be admirable at one moment and repulsive at another; that cosmetics are the enemy of intimacy; and that if Jill forgets the great scientific truth that the inconvenience of cosmetics varies inversely with the square of the distance, she is behaving unfairly not only to Jack but to herself. Yet Jill's exact who, lacking imaginations, are guilty of this criminal folly.

I pass to the moral side, as distinguished from the physical side, of women's private duty. Men and women have many private duties in common, but just as Jill has a physical duty for which Jack was not designed by nature, so she has a corresponding moral duty. I do not wish to wear out a word which everybody understands, but which nobody has successfully defined—charm. I simply mention it and point out that besides the division of charm into physical and moral, there is a subdivision of moral charm into the charm which a woman exercises unconsciously and cannot help exercising, and the charm which she exercises consciously. It is only the last which will repay our attention.

Jill has a natural gift for persuasion, for soothing, for lubrication of the wheels of existence, by means of an activity which has little to do with the reasoning faculty. This gift is extraordinarily valuable. In fact it will often accomplish needful miracles, when all other devices would fail.



It's not so easy to be charming, when Jack's cross and everything seems to be wrong.



...the delights of the eye were rewarded with suspicion, even disapprobation

The exercise of the gift, like the exercise of many other gifts, involves exertion and self-control. Jill usually does exercise it. But nearly all Jills, in exercising it, think that they are conferring a favor upon their Jacks and performing prodigies of self-effacement; and when they do not exercise it they argue to themselves, or even aloud:

"Jack doesn't do it to me. Why should I do it to him?"

The argument is not a good one. Jill, in functioning as bait to an irritable Jack, is no more conferring a favor upon him than he is conferring a favor upon her in earning a livelihood for her. Jack may be able to lubricate in an inferior masculine way, but the gift and the task are not specially his, whereas the gift and the task are specially Jill's.

I am acquainted, and we are all acquainted, with Jills who, while doing naught, but amateurishly directing the household, entirely omit the duty of moral charm. They might exercise their gift; they do not exercise it. They are cheats, for they have entered into a bargain and are not keeping it. They take more than they give. And yet, if they were accused face to face of a malpractice, I expect they would be genuinely indignant and repudiate the charge absolutely.

In this connection I may cite an episode in the conjugal life of a certain contemporary Jack and Jill whom I mentioned in my second chapter. They had been married some years—more than three—and Jill had got quite accustomed to Jack, whose nightly return home no longer provided an ecstasy for her. She was also well set in the habits of owning Jack and the child. Jack especially was her property. She undoubtedly loved him much, but she had a passion for owning him rather than a passion for him. She watched him, and watched over him, and tended him, and pruned him, and pulled the draft leaves off him, and watered him, and turned sunshine on to him, and occasionally neglected him as if he had been a favorite plant in her garden. She would not let anybody else touch him, nor, be little him, though she could be a pretty fearless critic of him herself.

She was—and still is—a nice and good woman, with plenty of charm up her sleeve, and she could be quite stylish when she chose. But she was apt to produce her charm and her chic by fits and starts. She would apparently forget her abilities for a period, and then she would remember them as if in a shock of awakening, and would indulge Jack and the world with great

quantities of charm and chic, and then would forget again. In short, she was exactly like a good many excellent wives, and just about as human as the most of us are.

I called in one evening. Jill was alone. She said in a casual pleasant tone that Jack had "had to go" to his club, as if there was nothing in the least unusual about that. I at once perceived that some slight trouble had occurred between them; for it was known to me that Jack never went to his club (which was mine) at night. So I thrust Jack out of the conversation and began to talk about Jill's affairs, and in particular about a new post which she had been thinking of for herself.

The Economic Circle, of which for some time she had acted as responsible housekeeping manager, had come to an end, a fate which somehow often overtakes local enterprises for the betterment of respectable and successful people's minds. The Economic Circle had started in all the bright glory of moral enthusiasm, had languished, and expired. The Lawn Tennis Club, however, continued to flourish brightly.

"I do not know that I shall take any new post at all," she said, in a changed, tart tone. I asked why.

She replied: "You've been talking to Jack. I know you have."

You see, I was Jack's friend, and therefore she occasionally held it to be her right to regard me, in an amiable, reproachful way, as her enemy. In such crises I was privileged to receive in my person the darts which for reasons of her own she preferred not to shoot at Jack himself. I became the representative of a whole sex, which was at discord with her own sex. I saw that by chance I had stepped right into the conjugal trouble. What exactly the trouble was I never discovered, but it was connected with the proposal for her new post, to which, I may say, they had both been favorable.

"Yes," she went on, after I had murmured some fib, "Jack was very cross to-night—and of course he said it was my fault."

"I dare say it was," I replied.

"How do you know?" she protested. "That's just like you, that is! You don't know anything about it and yet you say it was all my fault!" I didn't say that," I retorted. "What I meant was that it may very well have been your fault. Jack comes home to you. You preside over the evening. It's your show. He eats and drinks what you give him. He sits on chairs that you've appointed for him to sit on. Even the lamp shades are your scheme. The whole atmosphere is yours, and you're the chief entertainer. The evening fails. What's it up to you. You started out to do something, and you didn't do it."

"What did I start out to do?"

"Didn't you start out to make the evening pleasant for both of you? . . . He's gone to his club."

She shook her head. "Then perhaps I was wrong," I said. "Perhaps you didn't start out to make the evening pleasant for Jack."

She answered: "No doubt you think you're very clever." (Continued on page 126)



LAVISH FROCKS THAT BESTOW
A CONSCIOUS GRACE

Models from

Henri W. Bendel

Jenny sends Bendel a frock of foulard with gay peonies in rose red, blue and white printed upon it. Over the shoulders one throws a cape of blue serge, lined with vivid fawn like the frock. Bendel's hat of Egyptian inspiration is made of black milan and jet.

Paris is always delighted with tulle for the adornment of evening frocks, and this season we find it more often than ever in the form of drapery. Chanel uses it in pale gray to make pautiers for a gown which she has fashioned of silver-embroidered gray net over gray charmeuse.

Frocks of white are often embroidered in gay hues, as is Chanel's model of white China silk above at the right. Magenta and black silks are the colors used, and Bendel adds a white hemp hat with a white organdie crown.

In a lavish mood, Bendel used large baroque pearls and gleaming bits of crystal to adorn an exquisitely dainty evening gown. The skirt is embroidered with the jewels in Egyptian motifs on a ground of white net, and the foundation of the gown is shimmering white charmeuse.

A broad sweeping brim that droops just a bit on one side and lifts gracefully off the face on the other gives the chapeau of black listri at the right a vast dignity and extreme becomingness. And to trim it Boudier has wisely chosen ostrich-plumes, striped with delicate peach color and black.



Lavrin is fond of turning a skirt hem under at the bottom and adding anklets or pantofoles of embroidery. She makes this frock of black satin and uses turquoise and pearls to trim it, as well as the turban.



Over an entire frock of rose tricotette Jenny traces a design in blue, gold and silver threads that gives the effect of a landscape and adds much of the Chinese touch to the frock. Gay little tassels swing from the sleeves and loose back panel, and the narrowest of girdles ties in back.

Reboux faces the rose small hat at the center right with deep blue straw to match Chanel's costume of blue crêpe de Chine. Both the slender frock and the long loose wrap are embroidered with indigo and taupe wool upon the soft crêpe background, and the frock is quite loosely girdled.



At the extreme right Jenny gives the frock the correct falcons at the hips with lengths of black satin which run down the seams of her red tricotette gown. To trim it there are innumerable bone buttons, and to top it a Tallier hat of brown fitch, whose wings are patent-leather bound.



Both portraits
by Alfred Cheney
Johnson

LOUISE GROODY

who made an instant success in "Fiddlers Three" and as a result was sentenced to a long road tour with it, has returned to Broadway in one of the most amusing musical productions of the season. It is called "The Night Boat" and is the joint effort of Anne Caldwell and Jerome Kern. Together with Miss Groody, who does some delightful dancing, are Jack Hazzard, Ada Lewis, Lillian Kemble Cooper and Ernest Torrence — then whom no night boat ever hosted a jaunty crew.

BILLIE DOVE

One of the best of celebrated persons who have helped to endow Mr. Ziegfeld with the reputation for having an eye. Miss Dove graduated, or moved up, as it were, from the Ziegfeld Follies, to the Midnight Frolic on the New Amsterdam roof, where the audience can talk without fear of interruption by people who really want to hear the performance. There are now two productions on the roof, one, called "Girls of 1920", starting at nine o'clock and the usual midnight show.





The summer girl may be certain of her charm in a madish frock of dotted Swiss (A). In rose, lavender or Copenhagen, with horizontal or argand and tiny pool buttons for trimming, sizes 14 to 18 years, \$19.50.

As practical as it is irresistible is a cape copied from an imported model and fashioned of dainty velours in the new typhoon blue, navy, taupe or boue for \$55. It has the straight coat front with a cape-collar lined in an attractive soft silk.



This overblouse of natural-colored pongee bespeaks both smartness and serviceability. Embroidered in Jafre blue silk and metal threads, with a blue silk piping finish about the neck and cuffs, it costs \$9.75.

YOU CAN GET THESE GOOD VALUES THROUGH THE SHOPPING SERVICE

Youth and a girly taste are both exemplified in the argand frock above (B). A novel plaited trimming edges the neck, the sleeves and the hem, which falls in two ruffles over the narrow skirt. Orchid, white, Copenhagen, or black, in sizes 14 to 18 years, it may be had for \$19.75.

One's wish and one's pocketbook may readily come to terms in a delectable summer frock (C) of sheer voile. In a lovely sunset hue or blue, it is corded in white to form a unique checked pattern, and tiny lace ruffles create the vest and the collar. The sizes are 14 to 18 and the price is \$19.75.



Silk tricotette blouses are wholly in the picture for spring, and the well-designed, well-made one at the left comes in black, navy or sand, embroidered in bright-colored wools; \$16.95. And for the very low price of \$6.95 one may possess the dainty white batiste blouse at the right, all hand-made, with hemstitched squares embroidered in dots.

For the informal dining-room the charm of this William Leavens & Company's painted furniture in bright green with blue stripings is undeniable. The decorative motifs are copied from the cretonne design, applied to the buffet window valance. The electric coffee-urn, chafin-dish and egg-boiler are unfailing conveniences. The window-shades of cream colored lace are made on rollers and trimmed with cotton fringe and a washable tassels. B. Altman & Co.



for formal dining-room furnishings, while painted furniture is strongly favored for simple interiors with surroundings less impressive. This last is particularly desirable for the country house, the breakfast-room in town, or for the apartment dining-room that has restricted light, for it lends a cheerful atmosphere wherever it is placed. In soft greens, gray or yellow, with contrasting stripings and decorated with painted motifs copied from the pattern of the chintz draperies, it is most effective.

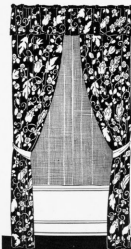
For the treatment of the dining-room window, where dark wood paneling or woodwork calls for a fabric correspondingly dignified, overdraperies of Velmo or mohair velvets may be used consistently. These may be had in patterns suggesting the weave and colorings of tapestry, in floral designs similar to the French cretonnes, or in self-toned or contrasting stripes. With them sash curtains of half-inch square mesh net, deep cream in tone and made to hang all length, are especially suitable.



Again, sash curtains of casement lace—a new weave of curtain lace, in which Italian Renaissance patterns prevail, and which has the color of casement cloth but the transparency of lace—may be used effectively. These curtains may be plain or trimmed with a self-toned fringe at the bottom.

For the dining-room furnished with painted furniture, or for the sun-room, nothing could be daintier or form a more attractive window treatment than window-shades of cream-colored curtain lace. These shades are made on rollers. (Continued on page 150)

While including the essential for modern use, the reproduction of the Old English service loses none of its old-time charm. Square silver and white striped candles are used here. Then, B. Stern-Reid & Barton.



Typically Dutch Colonial is this mahogany furniture, with painted motifs, which includes an oval gate-leg table, a sideboard, drop-leaf serving-table and rush bottomed chairs—Paine Furniture Co., Boston. The mantelsh board and wine coolers are Old English reproductions—Gorham Co. Window draperies are of soft blue Velmo with contrasting patterns—L. C. Chase. The sash curtains are of heavy square mesh net—Quaker Lace Co.





PLAYTIME CLOTHES OF STURDY FABRICS FOR THE LITTLE FOLK

Models from De Pinna



Here is a frock in which to greet one's vacation, made by De Pinna of heliotrope Japanese crepe and loosely belted. Motifs of embroidery with touches of blue trim it.

Along with out-of-door playthings comes a crisp little spring frock like the one at the left. It is made of blue handkerchief linen, bordered with white and embroidered in colors.



If you are in between chubby three and manly six, you will appreciate a correctly tailored suit of brown linen, with a white waistcoat and collar and turned back revers.

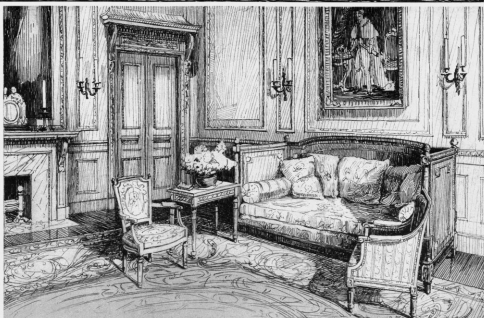


And if one is not older than five or younger than two and an all-important ball, there is a suit of De Pinna's that will exactly please. It has been made of yellow chambray and given a vest and collar of white linen, hand-embroidered with white silk quite after the manner of grown-ups.

At the left there is an adorable little frock of imported glenham in soft green, with a tucked vestee and collar of sheer white batiste. About the waist is a narrow old gold ribbon to match the embroidery, and one may wear this frock any time between the years of ten and sixteen!

At the very top of the page a wash-rag rabbit and a wash-rag dolly, clad in sturdy overalls and equipped with garden seeds and tools, proclaim that they may be had at Bernie Fry's Gift Shop. And at the right De Pinna shows a smart polo coat and tam for sports wear in early spring.





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BLACKSHEEP! BLACKSHEEP!

Meredith Nicholson's Novel

(Continued from page 116)

you'd tell me before we leave just how much credence you give this buried treasure story. While we're about it, we must go to the bottom of that."

The rays of the lantern Archie held disclosed an incredulous smile on Mrs. Perry's face. She was a tall, handsome woman, very like Isabel, even in the tones of her voice and in an occasional gesture; and she had Isabel's fine eyes.

"I've never thought that more than a fairy-tale," she said. "I should not wish you gentlemen to waste time or run the risk of bodily injury in looking for chests of money that may never have been buried here at all. There was, to be sure, a considerable fortune, but my father-in-law, whom I never saw, would have been much likelier to distribute it among banks in the Northern States, or in Canada. Richard Carey evidently believes the story, though from his actions I'm inclined to think him utterly mad. He's going to desperate lengths to search for the treasure. His conduct is tinged a good deal with resentment, because Isabel has repeatedly refused to marry him. He's a tremendously black sheep and a disgrace to his family."

The Governor sighed deeply. "I sometimes wonder that there's any white wool in the world; there are so many of the skittish little black lambs scattered over the pasture."

"They make uncomfortable neighbors," Mrs. Perry exclaimed, so heartily that they both laughed.

On the calm silent shore with the tents of Heart of Dreams Camp slowly emerging from the shadows of the surrounding wood in the first faint light of dawn, Archie wondered just what Mrs. Perry's feelings would be if she knew that he had been countenancing these rogues, two of whom at least were able to qualify as sheep with fences far from spindles, and the third, the silent, silent Leary, with a trail of crime that reached from ocean to ocean.

She walked with them to the landing and waved the lantern in farewell, as they set forth across the slowly brightening waters for Hocklesham.

WHEN the Governor and Archie went down to breakfast nine o'clock, they learned that Congdon had risen early and, declaring that his arm was fully recovered, was fishing from the wharf.

The Governor drew from his pocket a telegram which Leary had carried up to him while he was dressing.

"A cipher from Percy at Harbor Springs. He's got the provisions aboard, but reports that he suspects the tug being watched. It's possible, of course, that he and old Elphage were spotted at Cleveland when they boarded the boat and that the Government is keeping an eye on the drifter B. Crover."

Archie frowned anxiously.

"We've got enough trouble on hand right here, without backing the federal authorities. Of course you'll warn him at once not to put in here."

"My reply was sent instantly. I wired him to hold on to Elphage, but to keep all the men he didn't want to handle the tug at the first convenient point and send them singly into the woods beyond Calverley to await instructions. This is a dead peril; nothing but diffidence has landed here since the tug has been down three years ago."

"I tell you I don't like this at all. You can't run a pirate ship through the Great Lakes without attracting attention. A policeman can stand on the shore anywhere and throw a brick on board anything afloat."

"Really, you exaggerate, Archie," replied the Governor gently. "These wild and beautiful waters invite the adventurous mariner, and if piracy appealed to me at all, I'd rather enjoy levying tribute upon the unprotected cities of the saltless sea. The denizens Sally brought in a fresh pot of coffee, and they waited for her to leave the men."

"Only one thing interests me," declared Archie, "and that's the immediate cleanup of Carey. The Congdons have begun to beer me, if you'll pardon my saying it. The old man and his pluggish girl pieces and the will in his umbrella and the family row are none of my business. If you want to give me a thrill of delight, you'll check everything connected with the name Congdon and concentrate on Carey."

"Not so easy, with my friend Percy living here under the same roof. Again I warn you that we must practice patience. Here comes Percy now."

They had reached the veranda, where Percy joined them, presently displaying his string of perch. When Leary had borne his catch to the kitchen, Congdon became serious.

"Something's happened that bothers me a little. A man restored up here a while ago, looked the place over and asked me a lot of questions about the hotel and its guests. You understand, Comy?"

He hesitated, glancing questioningly from Archie to the Governor.

"You may trust Sausbury. We have knowledge of some other things that make it necessary for us all to stand together."

"This fellow seemed to have no business here," Congdon continued. "He had been staying at Calverley, and pretended to be looking for a quiet hotel to bring his family to. He thought Hocklesham might do. He looked me over in a way I didn't like. You remember, Comy, I took you into my confidence about a little difficulty I had before I came here—"

"That little affair on the Maine coast? It was a shooting, Sausbury," Archie explained soberly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the Governor. "Mr. Congdon, you may command me in any matter whatever. Now and then it has been my fortune to be able to pull a friend out of trouble. Pray consider me wholly at your service."

HE listened gravely while Congdon described the shooting at Bailey Harbor. He was convinced that he had shot a burglar who died of the wound, and that since the injury from which he had just recovered had been inflicted by his victim.

You have troubled about this matter quite unnecessarily," the Governor declared with a wave of the hand. "I can see that you are a sensitive nature, with imagination highly developed. You were in your own house, and had every right to be there; and certainly any man could not expect you of murder, where you were only defending yourself against a scoundrel who did not hesitate to kill you."

Congdon brightened perceptibly at this broad-minded view of the matter and flashed a look of relief at Archie, who was calmly smoking.

"It's most fortunate that we three have met here, gentlemen," he said, turning to the Governor and to Archie. "Comy tells me that he too has been dodging the police. To make you look perfectly safe, I'll be equally frank and say that for nearly seven years I've been mazed up with the leading cases of this country; not for profit, no, decidedly not, but merely for the fun of the thing."

Archie pretended to share Congdon's surprise at this confession, delivered without the quiver of an eyelid.

"I should never have guessed it," said Congdon. "I had sized you up as a college professor, or perhaps a lecturer on applied ethics," he added with a laugh. "Heavily look the black wretches we are!"

"Let us hope not! But now to business. We seem to be fellows with a pretty taste for adventure, and I'm going to appeal to your chivalry right now to help me in a very delicate and dangerous matter that calls for prompt attention. Comy and I had a little brush with the enemy last night, and in our further tasks we shall be glad of your help."

He bade Archie tell the story, interrupting occasionally to supply details.

When Isabel's name was mentioned as the head center of Dreams Camp Congdon sprang to his feet.

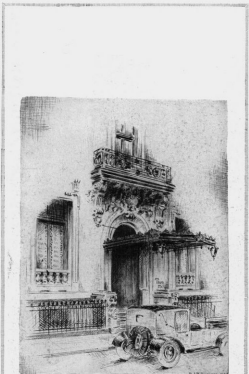
"Isabel Perry? Why! who," he flung round upon Archie. "That's the girl I told you about in Chicago. She has been a great help to me in all my troubles with my wife. And now she's the captain of my daughter. This is a queer business, gentlemen."

"Really interesting. I must confess! But you must bear no grudges against Miss Perry; she's wonderful. She's all but lost her life last night. Comy and I have solemnly pledged ourselves to clear up this whole situation, and we invite your fullest cooperation."

"Certainly! I realize right now. With my own child over there at the mercy of that scoundrel, I couldn't refuse. I assure you that I cherish no resentment against Miss Perry. I was a fool, I suppose, ever to have let her influence me. I was pretty miserable at the time and she was a very attractive girl, and we men, well—"

"Man," said the Governor, "is only a sybil on a rich man's estate. He can excite her musical talents. At times her little harpstrings evoke the pleasant harmonies, but when it pleases her to play she can dance the most painful discords. To get back to our business, the tug that's bringing the supplies for the camp is also bringing launch for us. We'll meet Mr. Carey on land or water, or in the air if he chooses. Now, Congdon, if you've no objections to

(Continued on page 119)



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BLACKSHEEP! BLACKSHEEP!

Meredith Nicholson's Novel

(Continued from page 120)

agreeable, but really, his utterances are unworthy of the attention of honest men."

"Who the deuce are you?" demanded Elphalet, looking his smile at the Governor.

"It occurs to me that we have met before."

"We have, indeed," the Governor answered, dodging a heavy crate, the first of the freight to be swung ashore.

Perky was thoroughly prepared for the expedition delivery of his cargo, even to warehouses in which three men now began trussing supplies to the camp storehouse. The work was proceeding rapidly, without noise or confusion, and Archie and the Governor were busily assisting when the shore rang with a yell.

LEARY and Congdon in the row-boat had been stealing up behind Carey's launch. Leary sprang aboard while the two men were watching the landing of the stores.

Carey, ducking under Leary's arms, seized a club and knocked him overboard. The detective jumped into the water and swam to the wharf, where he was immediately handed over to the side of the tug. By this time Carey was steering for the middle of the bay, where he watched the tug for a while and then retired toward his camp.

Leary had crawled upon the pier and was discommodiously shaking the water out of his shoes.

"It was a good try, old man," said the Governor cheerily. "Mr. Carey's not going to be easy to land, but we've got a detective on our hands," he chuckled, "and I don't know just how we're going to let loose of him."

Putney Congdon had rushed to the wharf to pick up Leary. As the Governor had predicted, Elphalet Congdon emitted a loud and not wholly joyful howl as he recognized his son.

"Hey there! You've been following me! I told you to stay at the farm, and here you come sneaking after me away up here, where I've come for me!"

"You were never more mistaken in your life!" replied Putney. "I came up here to see Edith and heard that that fellow you saw in the launch was trying to starve out this camp."

"Edith here? Who says Edith's here? You're out of your senses! You know perfectly well the child's on my Ohio land!"

"Look in on that discharge," said the Governor to Archie. "Those men will never get anything yelling at each other, I'll insured to Elphalet, when we land the freight."

"That wife of yours has stolen Edith. I'll have the law on her!" screamed Elphalet. "She's not fit to have the care of children!"

Archie walked to the edge of the wharf and commanded Elphalet to hold his peace.

"Putney, row out a few hundred yards and watch Carey. You needn't worry about your father. We'll find some way of getting him out of his scrapes."

The detective, who had been lashed to the pilot-house, roused himself to shout:

"You'll make a nice mess of it, trying to get him away from the Government. The whole lot of you are crooks, and you're holding me at your peril!"

The discharge of freight had not ceased during this colloquy. The crane swung over the wharf at regular intervals, and the men with the wheelbarrows trotted back and forth with the spirit and agility of men intent upon finishing an honest day's work.

As Putney Congdon, irritated but obedient, rowed away, his father began begging Perky to leave the place and steer for Canada.

"YOU promised to protect me, but you've made a fool of me," the old man wailed. "You betrayed me to the police, you—"

The Governor flung a sack of potatoes into a wheelbarrow, and surveyed the infuriated Elphalet for a moment.

"Pray calm yourself, Mr. Congdon, and please be careful how you charge people with serious crimes. It seems to be an obsession with you," he remarked serenely, "that everybody on earth is a crook. The proposition interests me psychologically. When I get through with this freight, I'll look at your data. Meanwhile, I solemnly warn you to make no charges against me or any friends of mine that you can't prove."

It was five o'clock when the last of the cargo was landed in the storehouse. The engineer (a gentleman whose grimy face and mournful eyes belied his record as a held-up man) scolded the wharf.

Ruth ran down to the shore and Archie and the Governor went to meet her.

"O you angels!" she cried. "I've just taken a peep at the stores and you've given us enough food to last all next week."

ner! It's perfectly splendid. I want's watching—really, I want's—so I had to keep the girls busy; but you did have some of my money."

"Nothing of the slightest consequence," the Governor answered. "We tried to catch very, but he was too quick for us, but we did pick up a friend of his—the gentleman you see giving an exhibition of haughty disdain as they load the tug. Keep that body well under cover to-night and don't be alarmed by anything you hear. We'll soon be through with this business."

"Who's that funny little man on the tug. He seems anxious to attract attention?"

ELPHALET CONGDON was engaged in an argument with the detective, who, being helpless, was obliged to endure a tirade the old gentleman was delivering to the accompaniment of an occasional prod of the umbrella.

"That," said the Governor, "is Edith Congdon's natural guardian, an estimable person fallen upon evil times."

"You don't mean Mr. Elphalet Congdon?"

"Most emphatically I do."

"And have he and his son settled their differences?"

"Not so you would notice it! But they'll be having each other when I get through with them."

"Do you know," said the girl, looking wonderingly into the Governor's eyes, "I don't suppose I could ever learn who you are when you're feeling and when you're not."

"After we've married I shall never attempt to fool you. By the way, be patient, as she frowned and shrugged her shoulders, "when does the camp close?"

"August twenty," said Mr. Carey, who didn't close it sooner.

"The date shall stand without reference to Carey's whimsical intentions to act. Please write your father to be here on that last day and bring his episcopal robes with him. And, by the way, I shall be sending you some mail. We'll send to the Caldwellville post-office for all the Heart of Dreams mail that will come in. To-night and pick up the camp mail-bag. Have you anything to add, Archie?"

"You might as well," said Archie slowly, "that August twenty strikes me as the happiest possible date for our wedding."

"You two take your wedding as though we were not in the midst of blood, murder and sudden death!"

She folded her arms and regarded them with an odd, little smile, half-satisfied, half-questioning, playing about her lips. The eyes were drawing away from the wharf. Perky sat on the rail placidly sucking an orange, a noble picture of an unrepentant sinner.

Fence the voices, floated the far, faint cries and light-hearted laughter of the camp youngsters at play. In spite of his attempt to irritate the Governor's jealousy, Archie felt again, as so often since he left Bailey Harbor, the anomaly of the even though which he had been projected with his singular companion, who had drawn him so far out of his orbit that it was hard to believe that he would ever slip into it again. Their affairs had never presented so many problems as now, when the Governor was predicting and planning a happy ending with so much assurance.

In the few seconds that Ruth deliberated he plunged to the bottom in his despair, but Isabel would ever seriously consider him as a lover.

"I was just thinking," said the girl, stepping back a little into a patch that hid from the beach the woods, "how we seem to be living in the good old times, when knights hastened by land or water to the rescue of ladies in distress. This is all very pretty and we sure we all appreciate what you have done for us. But I don't quite see through to the end!" The smile was gone and there was no doubt of the sincerity of the anxiety that darkened her eyes as she ended with a little quivering, desperate note. "Some day some serious, dreadful threaten us, one and all of us, and I—"

"It's only what do you call such a thing—a premonition?"

"Please don't think of it!" pleaded Archie; "things are bound to come out all right. You mustn't be sure."

"Yes; it will be only a little longer," murmured the Governor with an unattractive indifference. He had responded instantly to Ruth's confession of a premonition of evil, and Archie hastened to end the interview.

"We're not going to lose!" he declared. "It's when the world is lightest that the shadow of a cloud sometimes makes of our trust our happiness. Good-by and good luck!"

He was not reassured, however, and as

(Continued on page 124)

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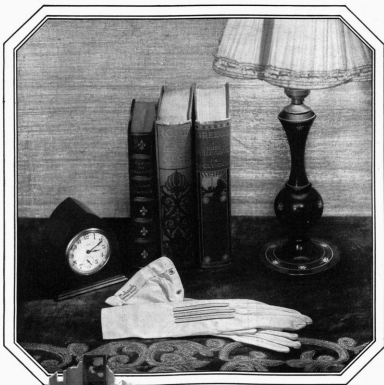
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Meredith Nicholson's Novel

(Continued from page 122)

she shook hands with them there were tears in her eyes.

THE Governor quickly recovered his spirits and with characteristic enthusiasm began putting the new launch through its paces. Like everything that pleased him, the launch was wonderful. He called upon Archie to bear witness to its unsurpassed merits, and they ran out to the wharf to invite the admittance of Putney and Leary. Putney, they found, was skilled in the handling of such craft, and the Governor cheerfully turned the launch over to him.

You take it and run up to Calverville, where you'd better get supper. Pick up the Heart o' Dreams suit and bring it back to Huddleton, and meet us on the wharf at midnight. We've got a heavy night's work ahead of us. Carey's probably jured a good deal to find that we've got a tug as a launch to play with.

"That's all right, and I'll obey orders, of course," said Congdon wiping the oil from his hands; "but don't forget that my father's out there on that tug. I don't know what trouble he's in, but I can't forget that he's my father."

Archie, touched by his display of feeling, turned with a pleading glance to the Governor, but the Governor seemed not to prompt to be kind.

"My dear boy," he said, "you may rely upon us to mitigate your father from his embarrassments. Archie and I are going ahead the tug to study his case carefully. If we don't do anything else this summer, we're going to take the link out of your family affairs."

"There's no reason why you should—"

Putney began. "Reason!" exclaimed the Governor, snapping his fingers contemptuously; "reasons for things are a horrible bore. In this pretty good old world we must apologize for our sins and weaknesses, but not for our kind intentions."

As they boarded the *Archie B. Grover*, Elphalest made an attempt to speak to Putney, though he leaned over the side and shook his umbrella at the launch as it drew away.

The Governor told Putney to provide food and invited Elphalest and the detective to supper. The officer, churlish even in his bath in that way and his enforced appearance in jumper and overalls during the drying of his garments, replied to a polite inquiry that his name was Briggs, but that his credentials had been lost in his tumble into the water.

"We shall waive all formalities," said the Governor, "as my great official connections, real or fictitious, concern me not at all."

Corned beef, crackers, fruit and coffee composed the supper, and Elphalest and Briggs, Archie and the Governor sat crosslegged on the deck and partook of it in picnic fashion.

"A treat to our difficulties, gentlemen!" the Governor cried, lifting his tin cup of coffee. "I'm sure these are misunderstandings involving all of us that time will clear up. It's mighty lucky for you, Briggs, that we succeeded in detaching you from that chap who hangs you here. If you had remained in his company, you would certainly have come to grief. With murderous intent he can down two women right in the bay last night. We saved their lives by sheer good luck. You were not with him, I suppose, and I'll charitably assume you don't know his purpose in attacking them."

"He says the girls' camp is on his land and he's only trying to drive 'em off," replied Briggs. "Whatever his game is, it's none of my business."

"It's any man's business to protect women and innocent children from the malice of a madman. To let you into a dark secret, he's got the idea that there's buried treasure somewhere on his land and occupied by Heart o' Dreams Camp."

Treasurer! shouted Elphalest. "Do you mean to say there's treasure buried there?"

"That's the idea," said the Governor with a grin aside at the sudden glint of greed in the old detective's eyes. He told the story, told it with flourishes and decorations that pleased Archie immensely.

"It sounds pretty good," said Briggs, "but there may be something in it."

"You never can tell," muttered Elphalest. "It would have been natural for one of those old Southerners who hadn't any confidence in Jeff Davis to plant his money in some lonely place like this."

"In one way or another we are all seekers of buried treasure," remarked the Governor sentimentally.

His story had cleared the air, giving, as Archie reflected, a fresh illustration of the

power of romance to soften the harshness of even so realistic a situation as confronted the tug's passengers. Elphalest's investigation had been stirred, and he asked many questions about the treasure. Briggs said his hostile air and about himself the possessor of an unsuspected amability.

"You seem to be a good fellow," remarked the Governor, "and your interest in the *Archie B. Grover* is legitimate enough, I dare say. But if you can promise to leave and not try to leave the tug or molest any one on board, you're free to do as you like. But I want you to play fair."

"I mean to be your enemy. You've got to consider that my reputation is at stake. It's my duty to land Mr. Congdon and that chap you call Putney in the nearest jail and report their arrest to Washington."

"Washington," replied the Governor, drawing his hand across his face. "Is a beautiful city, but it's a long way from here. I'm assured that I'm no anarchist and the delicate matter of your professional standing is something that shall engage my earnest thought. Please make yourself comfortable."

He bade Archie follow him to the bow where Elphalest, leaning upon his umbrella, was gazing moodily into the water.

"Mr. Congdon," the Governor began in his blindest fits, "as a mere looker-on at the passing show, I'm persuaded that you're not getting much out of life. A mistake, that's a mistake it gives me to see you making."

"What I do or do not do," replied the old man stoutly, thrusting the umbrella under his arm, "is none of your official business."

"An error, sir; an error of considerable magnitude, if you will pardon me! I wish my friend here to bear witness that I am qualified to offer you excellent advice based on exact information as to your intimate domestic affairs. You're a middle-aged person, Mr. Congdon, with a slight element of cruelty in your makeup, of which let us hope you are not wholly conscious. Morally you are shiftless, but that I charitably attribute to your lack of a wholesome and healthy interest in life. Incidentally, you've got all you could possibly destroy the happiness of your son, who is a fine fellow and a gentleman."

"And his wife, your daughter-in-law, is a woman of charm, one of the noblest women in the world!" interjected Archie, seeing that the Governor's arraignment was not without its effect on the odd, craggy little figure. However, the mention of Mrs. Congdon instantly aroused Elphalest's ire.

"That woman ordered me out of her house—a house I bought and paid for! She did her best to make my son hate me! She compelled him to quit the business. I started in order to give him employment!"

"Your trouble is that you never knew when Putney grew up," declared the Governor. "You tried to boss him even after his marriage, and if Mrs. Congdon turned you out of her house she did only what any self-respecting woman would do. As the result of your miserly ways, your middle-agedness and your selfishness you've just about ruined your life. The penitentiary will be a fine place for Elphalest, and a look of fear not pleasant to see crossed his face." "But," the Governor went on, "I will readily do as you bid me to do."

"You will help— you really will help me?"

"Not if you cringe and shrivel. If you will stand square on your feet and listen to me, I'll make you a proposition. Don't flinch; I don't want any of your money! I've heard that you make a habit of carrying your will around in that umbrella, for the foolish reason that you think you are not one of us weak-minded mortals who forget their umbrellas, and that you like to have it where you can rewrite it, when the mood strikes you. Give me that thing!"

Elphalest hesitated, but the Governor said, "If you please, Mr. Congdon," with all possible shades of courteous insistence, "I earnestly priced it from the old man's fingers."

It was a heavy, bulky, disreputable-looking umbrella with a bald croak-bird inside. The canopy was held together by a piece of twine. Rather than be seen with the thing, any person would have been ashamed to take it. The Governor opened it, shook out a number of manila envelopes, and carried them and the croak-bird under his arm, as though it were an odious and hateful thing. As it struck the water it spread open and a cold wind seized it and bore it gaily away. The Governor watched it for a moment with an ironic grin, then began opening the envelopes and scanning the contents.

(Continued on page 122)



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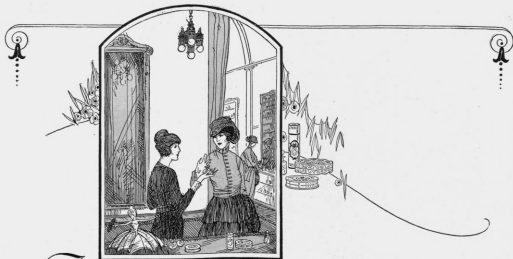
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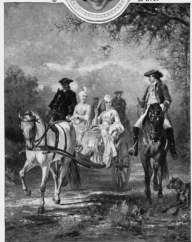
WOMEN AS CHARMERS

Arnold Bennett's Story

(Continued from page 97)



B. W. P.



"Not more so than usual," I protested. "But you aren't going to tell me that if you started out to charm Jack it wasn't your fault that you failed. You know as well as I do that it is nothing but a great simpleton and you can do what you like with him."

"He was cross when he came in," she said.

"He is brutal," I concurred. "But you must remember he's got responsibilities that you haven't got. Responsibilities make brutes."

"So have I got responsibilities."

"I agree, fully. But you haven't got the responsibility of finding the money every month to keep the palace of your subservience. Why should Jack provide you with food, and life raiment, and servants, and so on?"

"She cried—"I like that! I like that! Considering that he married me!"

"I admit he married you," I said. "But what were you doing while he was marrying you?"

"What do you mean?"

" weren't you marrying him? If so, weren't you taking on some responsibilities? The fact is you don't deny that you have responsibilities. Indeed, you claim them. They aren't so heavy as his, but there they are. And one of them is to be a help and not a detriment to Jack, when he comes home cross. What have you been doing with all that celebrated charm of yours, Mrs. Jack? My appeal to her was flattering."

"She thought a moment, and then said, agreed."

"Why should I try to charm Jack, when Jack doesn't try to charm me?"

"To which question I opposed another: 'Why should Jack open doors for you and raise his hat to you?'"

"Because I'm a woman, of course!"

"Well," I said. "That's the answer."

SHE smiled gloomily and resentfully: "That's all very well. But it's not so easy to be charming when Jack's cross and everything seems to be wrong."

"Most true!" I assented. "Most true! It is not. But you're a virtuous woman, and there's some terrific virtue in being charming when Jack's charming and everything's all right. A cat could be that! And there wouldn't be any virtue in Jack carrying a living for you, if things fell out of the sky. Only they don't. Jack's got a life job. And so have you. And all of years is to keep the shape charmed."

"Yes, and spell him!"

"No! And not to spoil him. To do it without spoiling him. To spoil him would be a crime. You have to manage to be virtuous without being criminal. History shows us, my dear Mrs. Jack, that the most powerful and successful charmers never spoiled the men they charmed."

"And yet," she said with sarcasm, suddenly sitting up straight, "both you and Jack are faithfully keen on me taking on this new job."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"It's got to do with it," she said. "Here I am to go and work and have responsibilities same as Jack, and rush home tired and prepare myself to charm Jack. I tell you one thing—and I know what I'm talking about—you can't charm when you're tired out, unless you're an angel. And I'm not an angel."

"Oh, yes, you are," I contradicted her. "At any rate, you look considerably more like an angel than Jack does. But I don't want you to be an angel. Jack would hate living with an angel. An angel would drive him to his club every night of the week. And I don't want you to be like Jack. Jack does, or to look at work—I mean outside work—as Jack looks at it. I entirely and absolutely admit that it would be too much to expect you to charm at full power if you were tired out."

"I wouldn't dream of asking you to get up before breakfast to manage your house while Jack still slept, and then go forth at the same time as Jack and toil abroad and come home two minutes before him, and then minutely meet the barbarian on the doorstep looking as if you had just been taken out of a drawer, and pretend that you had been waiting in idleness for him all day."

"No! Certainly not. Jack and this household are your chief job. All I say is that if you have more time than the job demands—then here, you know—you'll do well for your soul's sake not to waste it. Wasting time is bound to end to be bad for your health. Using time is bound to increase it—that's possible. Now Jack will be back very soon. He's certain to take his last car. I'll depart. Pardon my ejection."

"You've been very disagreeable," she said. "But won't you stay?"

"No," I said. "I never interfere between husband and wife."

I COME now to the effect of a professional career upon a woman's character, and many women, will agree with the dictum: A woman can only think of one thing at once. The statement is of course exaggerated, in order to emphasize the essential truth underlying it. This is a defect which is shown when epigrammatists, it is in my opinion a fair generalization; though I do not mean literally that no woman can think of more than one thing at once, or that no man ever fails to think of more than one thing at once.

An illustration of this truth is provided by nearly every woman who adopts a professional career. She abandons herself to the career, which becomes her religion, her god, her tyrant, her unique intoxication. She is changed into a fanatic. She will sacrificially sacrifice on the altar health, beauty, leisure, love, family ties—all. She exists for the career.

The quality is often called devotion. I do not say that it is not devotion; I do say that it is certainly due to a sexual disability to think of more than one thing at once. The result may be magnificent, but it is not life. It may be an ecstasy, but it is an ecstasy in a corridor. And it is as more a proof of self-infliction than the evergreen heart of an athlete is a proof of self-infliction. When exceptional men display the same characteristic of fanatical specialization they grow into monsters. Some milder variants of the mere might be invented for the description of women.

It may be said that women who have reason will all be a caricature and that the mere thought of matrimony or alliance out of their souls do not need feminine charm. I answer, or rather I not wholly disagree. But in the first place such women are in reality few; and in the second place their reason (save in special circumstances) is highly reprehensible. No human being (save as aforesaid) is justified in cutting himself or herself off in thought from the other sex. To do so is to constitute oneself an enemy of the social order and to maintain the social order is the duty of a man who deliberately paralyzes a limb.

The majority of professional women, however, will not cut themselves off from an idea, which has no connection with sexual relations, do keep ball an eye on men. The attitude of these women toward a man is easy to explain than to defend. It is an attitude of mistrust. It is an attitude of jealousy.

These women can run their lives without men. These women have committed the sin of casting to be helpless and defenceless. They have entered our presence, after considerable opposition which has proved futile. They might be expected to be grateful. They are making good. Let us beware of them, for if we took them to wife, they would be bound to be our complement. They would have interests beyond ourselves. They might neglect us. They would assert their independence. There would be two masters by the bedside. They would argue. They would have a special devotion to the soul at, if not laughed at. Moreover, we detect already in their glance a certain scorn. Lastly, they have lost sense, if not all, their charm."

WHICH is absurd, and numerous men by personal experience have proved it to be absurd. True, helplessness has charm; desolateness has charm; that particularly the strong and the overbearing. Men are accustomed to this charm, and professional women, who have usually shed much of their charm, were thoroughly entitled to shed it, for it should belong properly only to the young. And in denouncing it from modern women men can perhaps be convicted of an egotistical perversion somewhat akin to the perversion of the road, who will look at none but made.

Modern men on the same coast may also be charged with a perversion, and a foolish desire to stop the earth from revolving. A man with a few scientific groups of men that the earth will anyhow continue to revolve ought to welcome the idea of a challenge to the earth's independence, equal to the heartening. The idea ought to brace him to the fulfillment of his own possibilities, and open up to him the vision of new straits, excitements and victories. He ought to perceive that he has a proud and necessary role to play in the education and shaping of these original grand female creatures, whose flinging of the gauntlet will sharpen his wits and whet his iron will activity.

It is admirable that professional women cannot give as much thought as the other (Continued on page 134)

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